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JUNE, 1951

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

JUNE

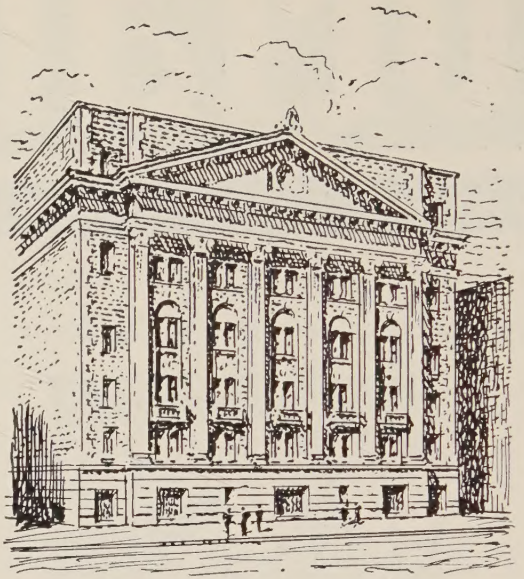
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;

Now the heart is so full that a drop over-fills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVIII *June, 1951* *Number 3*

HOW I FOUND GOD

A SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
IN THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Sunday, March 11, 1951

WHEN one has the responsibility which is mine at the moment, of speaking on one of the great thoughts which belong in the category of great and high thinking, one is extremely conscious of his limitations. And I don't think, of all the subjects on which I speak from day to day and through the years, there is any on which I am more deeply aware of my own limitations than when I try to project my concept and experiences with the God idea. For it is as an idea that we must begin; and if one had a lifetime and several hours a day in which to reveal one's own inner struggle, both intellectual and spiritual in endeavoring to arrive at a great faith in the reality of God, one still would find it utterly impossible to be sufficiently adequate and sufficiently inclusive in answering every problem and every intellectual difficulty.

God never sat for his photograph, and when you find one who can speak easily and freely and dogmatically on what God is, be suspicious of that person's intellectual grasp. They may have an emotional attitude. They may have a spiritual relationship; but they may not be able to present it nor to make it live, nor give it vitality in the realm which commands the respect of people who try to bring rationalism into a belief of God. Our belief of God can of course be rationalized. If it cannot be rationalized, and if we are only to accept the authority of the reality of God from an emotional experience, we would be on more or less difficult and faulty territory, such as an emotional experience in which God seems to become a definite reality, as in the case of great sorrow or tragedy or disappointment when we experience some miraculous manifestation of faith and we thereby attempt to prove the reality of God through that experience.

It is quite another thing to realize the experience so that it will retain intellectual responsibility and curb that which the psychiatrist or the psychologist could tear apart and destroy as purely the emotional. God is not a reality which can be demonstrated. Still there is the capacity and there is the faculty of taking from the right fabric of life and building adequately and unimpeachably a sense of the reality of the eternal. And because that

would be impossible within the narrow limits of one sermon, I have tried through the years to put some of it into every sermon.

As I look back through my own life and the experiences with life in my search for an adequate comprehension of God, I find that the experiences which have come my way have contributed greatly to this conception. Every person's philosophy is largely dependent upon their experiences. The experience creates the philosophy, and therefore those experiences we have in life (and particularly as they are related to the power of the eternal and the constituency of the infinite, which I believe to be God), all contribute finally to a person's comprehension and understanding of what God is.

I question whether God is ever found in a single experience. I think God is constantly being found; that while we can have one experience that may affirm to us the presence of a sustaining power which enables us to meet with adequacy some experience of life, that is only one of many. That experience is only a part of the progressive procedure through which the soul finally sees and understands the experience of the Divine. So our affirmation of the existence of God may not depend upon one isolated experience at all.

I have been reading very carefully the letters which the Chicago *Herald-American* has been publishing these days of individual experiences of people who used that individual experience as an affirmation of the existence and presence of God. Each of those writers whose letters I have read thus far, without any exception, has based his interpretation and conception upon some definite human experience—some trouble or illness—some difficulty of some sort, and there was a manifestation of the God power through that experience, and that somewhat isolated experience led the person who had it into a positive affirmation of the existence of God. There is nothing wrong with that—nothing. But a person's concept of God, like a person's own physical structure, varies and is modified with the development of time and the increase of experience. Our bodies are never two moments the same. There isn't a person in the church this morning who will be the same person he was when he came in. Physical manifestations and reactions are taking place in the cellular life of all human beings every second of time. There is a modification in our physical relationship and that develops increasingly and changes.

I have lived long enough now that I am not going to use the word "age" any more—I prefer to use the word "maturity." I like the word maturity, for that is exactly what age is. Age is maturing, and I think it is quite obvious to even the very elementary mind, that with every passing year there is a modification that takes place in the personality and in the physical structure. That does not require any elucidation whatever. It is self-evident. I maintain that the same principles have been at work in our growing comprehension of the developing idea of the reality of God. In other words, God is not static. God is not even a thing that can be measured. God is not something that we can think about in terms of dimensional proportions. There are no dimensions to God except one, and that is the universal dimension. There are no other limitations. That is why I am always a little reluctant to listen very long to the type of person who is so dogmatic in his explanation of what God is. There is no definition of God. There is none. The only thing that we can say of God is to think of Him in terms of our own individual experience with some

attribute of God. But there is no human mind, limited as the human mind is by physical capacity, that can comprehend the whole significance of God; just as there is no mind that can comprehend eternity. You haven't any comprehension of eternity. There is never a human mind that could conceive "without beginning and without end." Infinity is beyond our comprehension.

So when anyone says God is this, God is that, and attempts to define God, he really is indicating, both in his interpretation of God and in his experience with Him, his lack of comprehension. You cannot comprehend the infinite but you can comprehend faculties and attributes of the finite. Therefore, when you say "God is Love," you are putting it within the range of comprehension, for you have loved and have been loved. And so with that little attribute of God that you have brought into your own area of comprehension, you can say "God is Love." But you can't say God is only love, for God is Truth, too. God is Beauty, too. God is Harmony, too. God is solidarity, too. God is Concreteness, too. God is Principle, too. God is the Adherent Cohesion in the cosmos. In a physical sense God is that, too. You cannot comprehend—it is impossible for anyone to comprehend the whole area of the God concept.

Now the history of civilization is simply that, too. What was the beginning? Man with myriads and myriads and myriads of gods. Every mountain was peopled with gods. Every valley had gods and goddesses and each one of these gods and goddesses of the ancients was an effort of man's mind to find its way to the sharing of the human mind with the eternal mind. Man created all these symbols and all these symbols are attributes; so you had the God of Love and the God of Fire and the God of Water, the gods of this and the gods of that; and all that it was was just part of the constant search of the mind of man to find the one mind, the one attribute, the one great human heart of the Infinite. Nothing is more logical than man's quest for God.

Nothing proves more the existence of God than the universality of the quest. One of the finest and the most invincible arguments which can be given to the atheist is the argument that the universality of the quest predicates a realization at the end of the quest. It isn't enough that man pursue the quest for an adequate conception of the eternal and the Divine unless the eternal and the Divine are there; unless there is an objective somewhere of a reality. There were years when I was groping through blackness and the guilt of denial which at times almost presupposed a defeatist, atheistic attitude, when I felt it would be utterly impossible to ever arrive at a concept of God, and that the universe was but an accident, a release of uncontrollable cosmic forces that had no Divine Intelligence back of it at all, but was just something that was wound up and running down, and I felt the necessity of revolting against what to me were the impossible aspects of an orthodoxy and a denominationalism in connection with religion, so that I almost went to the other extreme; and I know something of the heartsick anguish, the pessimism, and the agony which exist in a human heart and a human mind trying to find its way back to a sense of the Eternal. And to me, my own discovery of the Infinite which I call God has been a progressive and an evolutionary process and it has brought me to a rock of such happiness and such spiritual experience and such steadfastness in the depths

of my soul, that to me it is peace. The faith which I have today, which was born out of travail and out of agony and out of remorse and out of disappointment and out of defeatism is now the foundation under my feet which I feel is as solid as the great Rock of Ages.

This is a progressive experience which people can ultimately achieve. The great difficulty with most people who do not feel the need of worship, who have no concern for the fidelity of the church and who look askance at every form of religion, is that they have a limited and inferior conception of God which isn't a true God at all. It is a God that never in reality existed at all except in the imagination of man. It is the type of God with the long whiskers and beard who sits off somewhere on the billowy bank of a cloud and looks down upon the earth with its trouble and heartache and loves to punish people, causes war, famine, heartache; and men have difficulty in believing in a God like that, and well they might; well they might have difficulty, for no such God exists! God never sent a flood; He never sent a panic; He never sent a war. God never inflicted pain or suffering. That is not within the capacities of His attributes. God is ultimate perfection. God is enduring and eternal and Divine Love. God can be killed and defeated by the materialism of earth, by the animosities of our own hearts. We bring on the calamities—our selfishness, our greed, our sin. These are the things that create the enemies of our souls. God does not do it. So I utterly refute and throw out the old anthropomorphic conception of God in its entirety. My God has never been retained within the confines of a creed. You can't write a creed about something you just contend is so. That is why I shall never accept the labels of the various controversial interpretations of theology that exist in the more than 400 different kinds of Protestantism which we have in this country, with denominations wrangling and arguing with each other. God can have very little to do with that. It is not even in the atmosphere of the eternal. He doesn't have time for that sort of humbug. But when a soul finds the realization of God in the depths of his own being, then there is an affirmation and you don't need to have it defined and you don't need to have it incorporated in any creed or even in a belief. It is just between your soul and God and there is no barrier and there is no resistance. The heart of God is always open.

There isn't a person who ever sincerely and honestly said to God "I am at the end of the way; the trouble is more than I can bear; the sorrow is more than I can stand; disappointment has broken my heart," but what that person found the door open to the heart of the Divine. The door is never closed. Remember this in your life—whenever one door is closed, God always opens another! The door is never permanently shut, for the inquiring soul who is seeking the Heart of the Divine. It is never shut. And if one shuts for you; if circumstances seem to close in, if trouble and heartache and pain and worry and defeat and disappointment shut the door, sometimes shut it right in your face, remember this—there is another one open! Turn around! Look over your shoulder! Turn your back upon the closed door and you will see the open door right in front of you! For life and people can never shut the door permanently between you and the Eternal! No one can do that. No one has that power. So down through the ages, the conception of God has grown. When man first conceived an anthro-

pomorphic God on the top of a mountain, it was a local god, and finally it grew and it reached out and took in more space. It took in all of Palestine, a little country no larger than the State of Vermont. Then it was injected with the great cultures and the great philosophies that came up through the classic tradition and became the origin of the classic theology and the Gods of Olympus—Zeus, and Athena, and Venus and all the rest of them. And it was no longer merely a matter of a tribal god of the Israelites as the centuries came, but with the centuries came the development of the philosophy and concept of this Eternal Being, and we had the great prophets and philosophers and the concept of the Divine passed out into Europe and the great spiritual prophets came; then a new continent was discovered and all this time the concept of God was enlarging. Came Gallileo and Copernicus to shatter the idea that the world was set upon the back of a mud turtle, hanging in space, the flat world of an anthropomorphic god. Gone were the ancient tribal gods and with the coming of Jesus this new concept of God became known. It was not a God of wrath and vengeance. It was a God more in keeping with the attributes of the Eternal.

My faith in God, and I say it humbly, extends beyond the barriers of any creed or any church I know. My God cannot be confined within the precincts of ecclesiasticism. My God is not limited by the mental defects of man, trying to inject theological creeds into truth. My God is the Eternal and Universal and Infinite. My God rises above all the petty limitations of a materialistic interpretation. My God is the great creative force of the cosmos. My God has the warmth and love of a human father and that is why I can call Him "My Father." My God has the warmth of heart of a friend, and that is why I can run to His arms when life beats about me.

Socrates took a cup of hemlock because he was an atheist and yet Socrates was no more an atheist than the Master Himself. The atheism of Socrates was his refusal to accept the conventional theology of his time, and because he refused to accept that, then he became an atheist. A great many people do not know that the first Christians were all called atheists and the reason they were called atheists was because they could not accept the conventional mythology of ancient Rome and so to the Romans a Christian was an atheist.

I am not worried about names or what they say. I only know the reality of the God experience, the God of the Eternal and the Infinite which has become a motivating, activating dynamic principle in my life and in my thinking. I have found Him and because I have found Him and the faith which undergirds my life, I would do anything I could to help you to find Him, too.

REMEMBER YOUR CHURCH IN YOUR WILL

The Church has long been one of the most faithful institutions in the world. It deserves a large place in the generosity of its people. Let your dollars continue the inspirational work of your Church by remembering The Peoples Church of Chicago when you make your will. There is no more permanent investment that you can make than through the building and extension of the Church.

Our Church has no endowment and is supported by the free will offerings of its members and friends. Your generosity will help it meet its ever increasing responsibilities in our fast growing community.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
(Closes for Summer, June 10, 1951. Re-opens September 16, 1951)

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
(Closes for Summer, June 10, 1951. Re-opens September 16, 1951)

Sunday Morning Summer Broadcasts (a fifteen-minute sermonette by Dr. Bradley) will begin with Sunday, June 17, over WJJD. These broacasts by electrical transcription will continue through September 9. The full length service of the church will resume with the Sunday, September 16th service.

Sunday Evening Service—November to Easter..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley, Nov. to Easter.. 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—For Summer events, call or write Mrs. Alice Lindley Johnson, Corr. Sec., 1427 W. Chase Av. (26) ROgers Park 4-6917

Professional and Business Woman's Club—For Summer events, call or write Roxanna Martens, 1340 Bryn Mawr Ave. (40) RAvenswood 8-4212

Men's Club—For information call or write Harold Hansen, 2218 Carmen Av., (25) EDgewater 4-5998

The Uptown Players, Sunday, June 3, June Drama Tea cancelled. The Players were to have presented the premiere showing of "The Hour Glass", a comedy by Alice Gerstenberg, with Mary Clarke, J. Bradley-Griffin, Marian Gibney and Thomas Thurston in the cast. J. Bradley-Griffin passed on, Saturday, May 26, 1951. (Memorial and details in the July issue of the Liberalist.)

Channing Club (young people of High School age)—
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in the Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.

Ushers' Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.... 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month,
Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday, 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. (1160 on the dial) through June 10, 1951

WJJD—Every Sunday, 11 to 11:15 a.m. from June 17 through September 9

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

I RECALL these words uttered by William Jennings Bryan: "If the Master deigns to touch with pity the withered rose blossom that floats upon the autumn breeze, and give it the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He leave neglected the souls of men when the frosts of winter come?

"A few weeks ago I obtained in Cairo some grains of wheat which had slumbered in an Egyptian tomb for more than 3,000 years, and this thought came to me. If one of those grains of wheat had been planted on the banks of the River Nile the year after it grew, and each of its progeny had been gathered from that time until today, it would have been sufficient to feed the teeming millions of the world. If the Master can bring that grain of wheat through 3,000 resurrections, can He not bring the soul of man through one?"

I am wondering what would happen to this hectic, materialistic, mechanistic age, when we are anchored to machinery and equipment and external organizations, when frustration and fear and uncertainty dominate so much of our thinking and speaking; when we feel caught and imprisoned in some relentless trap of human destiny, with nothing that we can do about it; I wonder what would happen if those in political life, in public life, in the business world, yes, and even in the pulpit, if all were to become so completely saturated again with the great spiritual truths of life that we would all have a new birth of values, so that we could believe that hope is not dead; that God has not resigned; that this is our father's world and that the future belongs to righteousness and truth and beauty; if we could all have a new birth of the power of spiritual truth; if we could find our way back to the heart of God and gauge life by the standards of Christ, what would happen to the world?

It makes one breathless just to think of it; and whether that can happen to a world or a nation, I know not, but I know where it can happen. It can happen in your heart and mine.

Here follow a few quotations from Dr. Bradley's description of his "Preacher's Holiday," which he likened to the vacation the busman took—by riding a bus. Dr. Bradley took his vacation attending various churches in the East. Said Dr. Bradley:

"I left Chicago after a trip where I spoke in Minneapolis on Wednesday, and arrived in New York with a ticket in my pocket for the 'Sao Paulo' on which I was to sail to South America for my holiday. I never used the ticket and did not see South America. I never got out of the United States, because I discovered that a contractual relationship with a television program was such that I would not be released. I could never describe my disappointment; but I said, 'Now what am I going to do?' Then I thought of the invitations that had come to me, all of which I had refused because I expected to be out of the United States. I immediately got busy on the telephone and with telegrams, and tied myself up so that I have been from Chicago to Minneapolis, from Minneapolis to Indianapolis, from Indianapolis to Cincinnati, from Cincinnati to New York, from New York to Detroit and from Detroit back again to Chicago, and worked almost all the time. And I had a very restful, very happy and a very fruitful time.

"Finding myself in New York on a Friday, I started off with the Jewish people, and went out to the Stephen Wise Memorial Temple. Dr. Wise was one of the most powerful factors in this country and a great voice—he was my friend, and they have built a memorial temple in the City of New York to the great work of Dr. Stephen Wise, so Friday night I went out to the Stephen Wise Memorial Temple. It was pouring rain, just a river of water. I went into the Temple, and the whole place breathed and pulsated with the spirit of his great leadership. A young Rabbi preached the sermon—a sermon that inspired and lifted me. Afterwards they had refreshments in a hall downstairs. It was a little chilly and my feet were damp, so I said 'This is a good opportunity to get a cup of tea and a little bite to eat.' I went downstairs with the other fifty-three people into this little room down under the temple. That was more people than I thought would be at church that night, considering the deluge outside. Pretty soon the young Rabbi came in. I went up to him and introduced myself. I said 'I have never heard you until tonight, but I want to thank you for an inspiring sermon'. He looked at me and asked where I came from, and I said 'I come from Chicago.' Well, that never helps very much when you are in New York. I said 'I happen to be Dr. Preston Bradley, the minister of The Peoples Church in Chicago.' He looked at me and he literally gasped. He said 'You sat in the congregation listening to me, when we consider The Peoples Church in Chicago and your pulpit one of the great spiritual dynamos of this nation.' Well, I met friends and had an interesting evening, and I became aware of the extent of the area of influence of our own church in that experience.

"The next day being Saturday, I realized there would be some more Jewish services around somewhere, so I looked them up. I have always wanted to see the great Immanuel Temple in New York, and they were having a service at 11 o'clock. It is one of the most impressive buildings I have ever entered and I experienced another spiritual baptism. It is a beautiful thing

when one's own spiritual sensitivity is such that one can experience the blessing of God in any house of worship. I feel very sorry for people who have any inhibitions about that. Dr. Parks walked up into the pulpit of Temple Immanuel and gave a tribute to the great Dr. Isaac M. Wise, the founder of modern Judaism, one of the most thrilling experiences I have ever had, in a tribute paid by one man to another. And as he turned and lifted the sacred Torah from the Arc of the Covenant and held it aloft to that congregation which filled to overflowing that great temple, it was a moment of spiritual exhilaration for me, a non-Jew.

"Then I went to see some of my Catholic friends, at the great cathedral of St. Patrick in New York City. As I opened the door of that great Cathedral and looked down that great central aisle that led straight down to the altar upon which reposes the flesh and spirit of Christ, according to the point of view of the Roman Catholic worshippers, again my soul was lifted. Again I sensed the eternal peace—the same peace that was at the synagogue, the same peace that was in the temple, the same peace that is in this church this morning, the eternal and universal peace of the Common Father of us all, for the things that unite men are vastly more than the things which divide them. And we have come to the period in our civilization where we must all stand for the things that unite men or, separately we shall all perish.

"Then I decided to go to the theatre! Don't get worried about that. The first theatre was the church. Theatre was born on an altar. So I went to see a play which more than twenty years ago had given me the richness of a great experience in the theatre—'Green Pastures.' And I saw again in my mind's eye, Richard Harrison, who sat in this congregation and worshipped here several Sundays when he was playing 'Green Pastures.' I stood by his side in his great funeral service when his body was brought from New York to Chicago. He never made his entrance on the stage in the play 'Green Pastures' that he didn't spend five minutes alone in his dressing room in prayer before the play began. Seeing 'Green Pastures' again brought back to me the spiritual unity behind all truth, whether it be the truth of the altar, the truth of the temple or the truth of the theatre—the great truth that man's endless quest is to find the ultimate, the Heart of the Divine. I found it in a theatre, too, in 'Green Pastures.'

"Sunday morning I was awakened by the indescribably beautiful sound of a church bell. I decided it was about time I found a Protestant Church somewhere. I opened up the New York Times to their church announcements and their great preachers: Norman Vincent Peale, a friend of mine; Dr. Ralph Sockman, another dear friend; Dr. Robert McCracken, who stood in the pulpit at Riverside, that great pulpit where there stood for so many years Harry Emerson Fosdick. In New York when you open up the Church Directory for services on a Sunday you have to debate and argue with yourself which one of half a dozen men you want to hear. I didn't find a church in New York that wasn't packed to overflowing. Some of us in the Chicago area are not very much interested in church going. I decided to hear the man who wrote the finest book on prayer I think in the English language—Dr. George Buttrick, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. He has been in his pulpit about twenty years. I arrived fifteen minutes before the service and except for the great considerateness of an usher I would have had to stand. It was another great experience and after the service I went in to see Dr. Buttrick.

I said 'Dr. Buttrick, I am Dr. Preston Bradley from Chicago and you will never know what you have done for me this morning.' He put his arms around me and said 'I know about you and your work and you should have been in my pulpit this morning.' Then he told me all about his son who is a professor out here at Northwestern.

"The week that I was to have spent on the sea was spent at the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, where sportsmen and women from all over the United States had gathered, and where they had asked me to speak and I had refused. Then I had wired and said 'I am coming to the convention.' I spoke three times and had a great time. Then I decided as long as I was in Cincinnati, I might as well stay over Sunday. When the minister of our church in Cincinnati heard I was there, he said 'Why can't you stay over and preach for me?' And I said 'I've been waiting for two days for that invitation. So I stood in the pulpit of St. John's Church in the City of Cincinnati, where they are building a beautiful new church, just near the campus of the University, and I had another great experience, speaking in a church filled to overflowing.

"Now I'm back in my own pulpit, and my prayer is that in my little job, with my limitations and my handicaps, I may do my task, humble as it is; may I be impregnated and inspired to meet the great challenge of these days and this hour as I have never met them in the past. I want these Sundays that are left of our church year to be great Sundays, great for you, great for our church and great for our work!"

* * *

YOUR ORGANIZATIONS

The various organizations of the church, the Woman's Club, the Professional and Business Woman's Club, the Men's Club, close their active season with the closing date of the church for the summer. However, some activities are carried on, such as picnics and bazaar work, and in the church schedule on page 6 the name of the secretary of each organization is given By contacting them members may keep in touch with their club; and non-members who would like to be placed on the mailing list for fall activities, or who would like to inquire about the various clubs, may receive information.

* * *

SUNDAY SCHOOL PLANS AND PLEASANT MEMORIES

Children's Day plans of the Sunday School for Sunday, June 10th, include flowers for all the children, attendance awards, keyword awards, dramatizations by the classes on the keywords, donation of the birthday fund to the Protestant Child Haven and attending the 11 o'clock Church Service in a body. What a memorable day this will be!

* * *

The following Sunday, June 17th, which is Father's Day, is the annual event the children all love—the Annual Sunday School Picnic, where everyone is welcome. Bring your own picnic basket. The Sunday School will furnish cold drinks and ice cream. The bus will leave the church at 9:15 a.m. and will return to the Church at 7 p.m.

The picnic grounds is Spot 34, Caldwell Woods, Milwaukee Avenue at Devon. If you are going by street car, take the Milwaukee Avenue car to the end of the line inside the park. Come to Sunday School Sundays at 9:30 a.m. for further information or telephone AVenue 3-2955.

* * *

Pleasant memories that linger: Friendship Fiesta — Smorgasbord — What a spread! Dinner Chairman,

Vera Swanson—grand Committee—Community singing—the new 16 mm. sound projector—Friendly atmosphere—Tiny Tots Choir, director Margaret Chirpe. Play, "Day Before Yesterday, Yesterday and Today, Silent Movies, Radio and Television," by John Foerster—and Channing Club Chanters—originality, ingenuity, resourcefulness—what entertainment!

Dr. Preston Bradley, in his talk about his luncheon with Mary Pickford; his efforts to do something about the dope traffic in Chicago, and his thought on missing those who were not present.

It was a wonderful evening, with wonderful people!

Robert Crosswhite, Supt.

* * *

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The June Drama Tea of The Uptown Players was to have been held Sunday, June 3, in Anderson Hall, presenting "The Hour Glass", by Alice Gerstenberg, directed by J. Bradley-Griffin.

The Drama Tea has been cancelled. J. Bradley-Griffin passed on, Saturday, May 26, 1951 at Virginia, Minnesota. He had been planting the flower garden at Dr. Bradley's Island Home in Lake Vermilion.

The Players are closing a highly successful season, with capacity houses. They presented six Broadway successes—at the Eleventh Street Theatre—

October, 1950—"Goodbye My Fancy"
November, 1950—"Born Yesterday"
January, 1951—"Shadow and Substance"
February, 1951—"The Philadelphia Story"
March, 1951—"The Philadelphia Story" in Peoria, Ill.
April, 1951—"Detective Story"
May, 1951—"Angel Street"

The Players held nine Drama Teas the first Sunday of each month in Anderson Hall, presenting one-act plays directed by members of the Players; at which Guest Artists prominent in the musical world were presented.

In February The Players held a benefit recital for Raymond Landmark, in which J. Bradley-Griffin, their director, did a recital version of "Carousel," assisted by Mary Clarke and Connie Stephens, with John Madsen at the piano.

They took charge of a Bazaar Booth in December, making an enviable record with their sales; and presented Dickens' Christmas Carol at the Candle Light Service that month.

The Director and Founder, J. Bradley-Griffin, planned to spend the summer at Dr. Bradley's summer Island Home, where, after a good rest he was to have planned the fall and winter season for 1951-52.

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Ethel Wilbur, of 7738 Eastlake Terrace, President of the Woman's Club, entertained the outgoing and incoming officers and board of the Woman's Club at a luncheon on Wednesday, May 16th, at Normandy House Restaurant, 800 N. Michigan Avenue.

The officers and board members for the ensuing year are as follows:

Mrs. Ethel B. Wilbur, Pres.
Mrs. Paul H. Raabe, 1st Vice-Pres.
Mrs. Harry D. Stone, 2nd Vice-Pres.
Mrs. C. R. Swanson, Rec. Secretary
Mrs. Alice Lindley Johnson, Corr. Secretary
Mrs. Bertha Koch, Treas.

Directors

Mrs. W. L. Jones
Mrs. Carl Kaufman
Miss Edith Anderberg
Mrs. James Coughlin
Mrs. Harry D. Stone

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

The Professional and Business Woman's Club had a splendid turn-out for their Annual Dinner at Vine Gardens, 616 W. North Avenue on Tuesday, May 15th. They deeply regretted the enforced absence of Miss Grace Rozanski, the President, due to illness. The club presented her with a beautiful gift, a lapel pin and bracelet, in appreciation of her loyal, efficient and faithful service during the past two years. Absent also was Mrs. Florence Curtis, the Program Chairman, due to illness. Good food and an entertaining floor show were enjoyed by those present.

The Club especially appreciated the presence of their dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hangel and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crosswhite.

Following are the officers for the coming year: Miss Joanne Plett, President; Mrs. Alice Pearson, Vice-President; Mrs. Jane Jones, Treasurer; Miss Dollie Kolberg, Recording Secretary and Mrs. Roxanna Martens, Corresponding Secretary.

Members and those interested in becoming members of the club are urged to keep in touch with Roxanna Martens during the summer months. The regular meetings of the club will be resumed in September or October.

THE SEED OF DEMOCRACY— HOW IT WAS SOWN

By HELEN FOGG

(This is the second installment of an article which began in the May issue.)

NO EXCLUSIVE AMERICAN RECIPE

I cannot say enough in appreciation of the way in which the German staff members caught the spirit of the enterprise and gave their best insight, experience, knowledge and patience. At the wonderful dinner following the final staff session, Miss Lemke expressed everything we feel about her and all our German colleagues. She said:

"You leave friends—fast and true—with all that the word friend and friendship implies—who will always be behind you, and never betray the trust you have put in them."

None of us will ever forget these words or the sound of her low vibrant voice, so expressive of her staunchness and her sensitivity.

The farewell feasts were the climax of everything each course meant, but to convey the spirit of them in print to those who do not know the personalities involved, or who did not share in the total experience of the summer is impossible. The goodbyes were heart-rending. One could hardly bear the intensity of the pleas, "Come back . . ." "Don't forget me!" . . . "Don't forget!" Hardest of all to bear were their thanks.

THE FRONT LINE

Social workers in Germany, whether they are in children's homes, kindergartens or youth welfare offices, whether they are case workers or workers with groups, are in the front line, bearing the brunt of the burden of human needs—material, social and emotional. The ratio between the number of trained workers and the number of those who need help is completely out of balance. Consciousness of this fact is a burden in itself. How to keep one's own balance or how to concentrate on the specific case in front of one, with the haunting awareness of all

the cases waiting, is an urgent question in the mind of each individual.

In addition to the burden of professional problems, almost every individual is troubled by personal insecurity, loss, and the tragic events of the last 15 years. Many are displaced expellees from eastern parts of Germany now ceded to Poland.

They had lost everything, including families and former friends. How deeply disturbed were most of them and how thin was the armor of gallant gaiety showed up in many little ways. Sometimes it was a song and one of them would leave the room, sometimes at a picnic one would go off by himself, or would in the twilight pour out to one of the Americans his confusions, disillusionment and despair. These moments of deep companionship had perhaps more meaning to these individuals than anything else at Vöhl and had our relationship been only that of foreign experts meeting the group in lectures and discussions, these moments would never have occurred.

With the exception of a very few teachers, those attending the three seminars were social workers. Their ages ranged from 27 to 62. They had gone into social work from all kinds and degrees of training and apprenticeship. Some had received their training in the enlightened schools for social work of the Weimar Republic, some in the rigid, indoctrinated schools of the Nazi period. All had bitter war experiences of one sort or another.

LOST YEARS

As for the German staff, they too had mostly lived through these 12 or 15 years in similar ways. The "lost years" for Germany were "lost years" for all these individuals, full of physical hardship, anxiety, loneliness, frustration, often danger, and the stern holding on to their beliefs and human values with the self-nourished hope of being of use when at last a fresh start could be made in Germany. About the difficulties of this they were under no illusions.

It is apparent from personal histories and from problems confronting the participants that there is tacitly present in all minds the realization of the Nazi years as an experience which had different connotations for different members, and which had potent effects upon lives, thoughts and feelings. The Nazi years cannot be checked off as finished for their impact is there in these people's lives now and in all of Germany.

Among the most urgent demands in the reorientation of German society after the Nazi war years are the need for fresh motivation, view of life, spiritual nourishment, sense of self-commitment and self-direction, and of developing the capacity to work with others. The American staff found these needs urgent throughout all age groups but particularly among adults who are in a position to bring about changes.

Certain central issues in German life today which call for special consideration are the rigid structures, authoritarian methods, barriers between groups of organizations, lack of public civic awareness, and the bleakness of community life in many cities. During the Weimar days there were hopeful efforts to change the nature of social experience. These efforts were completely and brutally suppressed during the Nazi years. On top of this, the post-war years have been characterized by the utter severity of the struggle for material existence and by the necessity of welfare work in mass form. Community life is for the most part empty and disintegrated. Complicating this dreary picture is the overwhelming problem of the refugees in the western zones.

SETTLEMENTS OFFER HOPE

Most of those we worked with had

never heard of a settlement program and the few who had, said that settlement work was practically non-existent in Germany today.

The idea of the American settlement fired their imagination and enthusiasm. It offered a simple and direct way of moving in on some of the threatening issues in Germany. Through its flexible organization, a settlement could respond to changing needs. It could help dissolve the forbidding barriers between social agencies and bring people together to think about common concerns. It could demonstrate that human consideration is more important in working with people than any purely theoretical or administrative procedure. It could do some free pioneering that might result in good changes in "official" attitudes. The presence of a settlement, no matter how small, in a city, would help to free the "frozen human elements," and to bring about in people a warmer, more hopeful way of life.

One of the things that particularly enspirited the Germans was the fact that with a settlement you can "start small, just person to person," that you do not have to have vast sums of money, large buildings, official plans handed down from some office of authority. Said one member of the course:

"It's amazing what can be started, what can grow, from the fact that a very few people who care just decide to see what they can do about it, and then do it."

(To be continued)

Quit Worrying

The hardest part of any job
  Is worrying about it;
Your joy to kill, your rest to rob,
  Is worrying about it.

The lowest spot to view a hill
  Is from the bottom; higher still
It looks each moment that you kill
  In worrying about it.

But, if you start to climb you soon
  Quit worrying about it.
Quit waiting, wishing for the moon
  And worrying about it.

A human task just grows and grows
  By putting off, time may disclose
'Twas easier than you suppose—
  Quit worrying about it.

Just buckle up and bustle in—
  Quit worrying about it.
By work, not worry, you will win—
  Quit worrying about it.

A task is easy, once begun;
  It has its labor and its fun;
So grab a hold and do it, son—
  Quit worrying about it.

Author Unknown.

But Once

We go this way but once, O friend of mine,
So why not make the journey well worth while,
Giving to those who travel with us
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile?

We go this way but once. Ah! never more
Can we go back along the selfsame way,
To get more out of life, undo the wrongs,
Or speak love's words we knew but did not say.

We go this way but once. Then let us make
The road we travel blossomy and sweet
With helpful, kindly deeds and tender words,
Smoothing the path of bruised and stumbling feet.

Author Unknown.

BOOK CHATS

WE TALK about spending a quiet day in the garden, but is the garden ever really quiet? It would be a dead place if it were. Underneath the seeming silence the air is full of sounds: the rustling of leaves, the chirping of birds, the ticking noises of grasshoppers, the fluttering of wings and the humming of bees. These sounds are so constant and so natural that they become almost inaudible. We scarcely hear them. But how that muted music would be missed if an utter and absolute silence ever fell upon the garden. One has only to think of the garden at night. It is unearthly and mysterious, as if touched by the solemnity of death. Yet even the night garden has its own peculiar voices: small furry creatures go about their secret business, foxes bark and owls hoot. And at this time of the year the nightingale sings in the moonlit thicket flooding the garden with the sweetest melody of all.

As I opened a book entitled "The Glory of the Garden," by Patience Strong, and read the above paragraph, it seemed to me I was reading a bit from one of Mrs. Bradley's summer Mail Bags, for she so loved her garden up at her Island Home in Lake Vermilion that she wrote of it all summer long, of its different moods and the varied blossomings of each month. I thought too, how she would have loved this little book with its colored frontispiece of a rose garden in full bloom against a white wall background. I can't think of a lovelier book to give to a gardener friend, for it carries one through the entire year. Miss Strong calls it a "collection of leaves torn from my garden diary; the jottings of a potterer, an amateur's notebook; nothing more." She writes of every changing season, every month and almost of every single day in a full year with a great perceptiveness and awareness of nature and its subtleties.

The very names of Patience Strong's books bring vivid pictures to mind: "Quiet Corner—The House of Dreams—Quiet Thoughts—The Quiet Hour—Every Common Bush—Quiet Moments—Paths of Peace—Golden Rain—The Broad Horizon—Over the Ridge—Echoes from the Quiet Corner—Wayside Altars—The Round of the Year—Wayside Glory—Magic Casements—Honey for Tea (Verses for Children)."

In "The Glory of the Garden" each month has been given its chapter, with several dates in the month for subheads. Not only the gardener will enjoy her book. She truly has much fasci-

nating information for them; but those who enjoy reading of others' experiences in gardening will enjoy the accounts of days and hours happily spent; and the hosts of Patience Strong fans will have opened for them vistas of delight. It is a perfect bedside book and carries with it the sweet and pungent scent of all the gardens of the world at any season of the year. It is, according to the publishers, Patience Strong's most ambitious book. She is a refreshing and sensitive writer on this ever-fascinating subject. The vivid and colorful jacket illustration is by Edward Steichen, who, by the way, is a very famous photographer, and is the brother-in-law of Carl Sandburg. On a fly-leaf in the front of the book is this verse by Rudyard Kipling:

"Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees,
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away."

* * *

The Updegraff Press, Ltd., of Scarsdale, New York, have published what they call "An Extraordinary Book." I think it would be an excellent time to read it while on a vacation, with plenty of time to browse over it. It is a book for a father, primarily, but of course mother will love it, too. But Father's Day is June 18th, so this month seems a good month in which to offer this book to fathers especially. The title of the book is THE HOME EDUCATION OF A BOY, written by William B. Barrett. "Being the true account of a father's experiment in the education of his son in his home, where any boy must learn the important lessons of life if he is to learn them at all."

The publisher tells us that there is a truly remarkable account of a wise father's experiment in the home education of his son, starting from babyhood and extending into his college years. In the first three chapters, written several years apart and published at the time as magazine articles which attracted wide attention, he describes in practical detail the methods he was using to prepare his son John for "a confident, useful, well-rounded life."

John is now grown and married and has a son John of his own. In the fourth chapter (it is a small book of 120 pages) the father reports with complete objectivity on the results of his home-training ideas and methods, as tested by the years; and in a final chapter tells what he would do differently, or additionally, if he had it to do all over again in this difficult age.

The publisher thinks it is doubtful if a more thoughtful, practical and completely realistic program has been published of the things parents can do right in the home to give their sons a sound start in life.

The first chapter, written when his boy was six years old was published in Collier's, under the title "The Education of My Son John." The second was written when John was ten, published in Harper's, entitled "The Further Education of "My Son John;" and a third chapter, "The Home Education of an American Boy" was published in The Rotarian and in a condensed form in The Reader's Digest. The author tells us that the final chapter is a surprise to himself.

Mr. Barrett, the author, says that his chronicle deals almost wholly with what he tried to do as a father to educate his son for a good and useful life. This emphasis, he says, is deliberate, for early in his parenthood he became convinced that most mothers are natural teachers, and have a powerful if unconscious influence on their children's

lives; but he sensed that a boy needs a special man-philosophy to ready him for the world of business or the professions, or the sterner demands of military life which may face many of our sons, which can best be provided by his father. Hence he has concentrated largely on his part in his son's education.

Here I quote from the preface signed by "John's Father":

"Home education, whether of sons or daughters, is a two-parent job. Fathers should not leave it to mothers merely because they happen to spend more hours of the day with children. The very intimacy developed by constant association makes the mother's job more difficult. Maternal advice and admonitions, too often repeated, lose their force, and the mother's discipline wears thin. The father comes home with new experiences to relate and a fresh point of view which give him a definite advantage. That is, provided he enters the front door, not in the role of family policeman to mete out discipline for the day's juvenile misdeeds, but as paternal partner, teacher of life, and fellow explorer of interesting idea-paths."

John's father came to a conclusion which I have frequently mentioned from the pulpit of The Peoples Church. He decided that the first dozen years of a boy's life are more important in his education than all the years of schooling that follow, and that from a practical standpoint what he learns at school is actually secondary in importance to what he may be taught at home by his parents during these first dozen years.

He found himself engaged in what proved to be one of the most interesting experiments he had ever worked out; and discovered that in thinking things through and working things out with young John he had been adding to his own life equipment a broad knowledge of fundamental principles and a capacity for reasoning such as he had not before possessed.

You will thank me I know for calling to your attention "The Home Education of a Boy" by William B. Barrett.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

SOME time ago Mr. Herbert S. Simpson, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Church, wrote a very lovely letter to Dr. Bradley and enclosed two poems of which he was very fond. He said he thought Dr. Bradley would enjoy them also. They arrived too late to be published in the Mail Bag that was then in the printer's hands, so they were placed in the back of the Liberalist file for future use. Somehow that file grows by leaps and bounds and the poems became buried way at the back. In cleaning up the file they came to light again and you will find them on pages 14 and 15—the poems "But Once" and "Quit Worrying." There just couldn't be a better time to publish them, so be sure to read them thoughtfully. Dr. Bradley has often spoken of the indestructibility of good. These two

simple little poems, by an unknown author, yet a good thought is there—and they live! The "unknown author" may not be living today, but the thought he left lives on. And Dr. Bradley has reminded us that it is the same with the good and the true, in the field of art, literature, or the drama. Buildings and cities may fall, but the truth lives on.

I was thinking the other day about something that happened to a friend of mine not so long ago, and the phrase came to me, "The impersonal trail of good." Did you ever think about it? A certain very lovable young lady is a member of a small group that was organized not long ago for the purpose of improving its members and being helpful in the field of human relations. I shall call the young lady "Mickey," for the purposes of this true story. When Mickey joined the group she was very timid about saying her say in front of the group. As it was their purpose to be helpful to each other, everyone tried to encourage Mickey, to praise what she did well and to show her they had faith in her abilities. The group decided to adopt a project where they could be helpful, for they recognized the truth of growth coming through service. One of their number in talking with Mickey said she felt that nowhere could service be more useful than with little children. This must have struck a very responsive chord in Mickey's heart for at the next meeting, with timidity all gone, Mickey stood before the group and spoke feelingly of a home for young children near her place of business and presented the idea of her group adopting this children's home as their project for the year.

Was Mickey convincing? I shall leave you to judge. From that small beginning, first a fellow-member and his brother (a non-member) built two teeter-totters for the little folks of the home. Every member of the group when Christmas shopping came along a month later, bought an extra gift or two for a child at the home. Then a few months later a convention with other groups was held in Milwaukee and "timid" Mickey stood before a strange group and presented her plan for a Variety Show as a benefit for the children of this home—and Mickey "sold" the idea. From this show in which many groups have joined it is hoped to make $1,000 for the home which needs help so much. Who has been chairman of the show and carried the heavy responsibility of all the arrangements, the ticket selling, the selling of program ads, and a thousand other details? None other than Mickey, who forgot herself and all self-consciousness in her zeal for helping little children.

At Easter time Mickey's sister brought the most beautifully wrapped hat box to a meeting and presented it to the friend who had first presented the idea to Mickey of service to children as a project for the club. Wouldn't you be astonished and delighted to receive two brand new hats for Easter as a gift, without ever having had to shop for them or even try them on? The friend was quite overcome with delight in the great surprise and the gifts. The sister's explanation was "Mickey asked me to make them for you, because you have been so helpful to her."

Think of the friendships formed with ten or twelve little groups working together on one project to help some children.

Very interesting things happened in connection with the program ads, too. One member decided to take a $5 ad in the program, though she had no business of her own to advertise and would probably print "Good wishes"

and sign her name to fill up the space. Then she remembered a friend who had done her a great kindness which she would always remember and appreciate. He was a commercial artist. So now the ad will carry his name and the brief story of his business instead of the donor's name. And one who would not take an ad donated a huge giant-size can of potato chips. Fried stuffs aren't good for the children and one might think they had no place at a Variety Show Benefit. But someone said: "Why not offer them 'for free' as people buy Coca Cola at our special refreshment stand?"

Everyone who belongs to a church is familiar with this "Impersonal Trail of Good," but sometimes when one is asked to take some position of leadership in a church organization, to work on some committee or to become an officer of one of the various groups in a church, the demon of self-consciousness frightens them and they make some quickly thought up excuse for refusing. Little do we realize that we are depriving ourselves of a wonderful opportunity for growth through service—through forgetting of self in serving others. At this season of the year, when new officers are being elected and new committees are being appointed and plans are being made for the fall work of the church, perhaps this little story of Mickey may help someone to realize that accepting a new responsibility offered may well be a very important step in progress for the one who accepts as well as for those they serve.

* * *

Every Sunday morning, at the close of the Litany there is a moment of silence, when everyone, in the audience present and in the radio audience is asked to join in a silent prayer. On Sunday, March 4th, Dr. Bradley asked each one to pray not for himself but to send a silent prayer of affirmation to some loved one. The following letter was written that Sunday:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: After listening to your lenten services over the radio, I decided to try God, for action with my problem, as I realized I was just about licked. Your service of today was most inspiring.

"My problem was that I have tried to find a garage for my car for the past year, with no success. I sent out a prayer of affirmation to a loved one who needed help, when you invited us to join in the silent prayer, just as you directed. At 11:45 a.m., before your service was over, I received a call on the telephone, from one of my next door neighbors, stating they had a garage for me.

"I want to thank God, and you as His servant, for this success with my problem.

"May God bless you and keep you on the radio, going strong wherever you are sent to give out His message.

"Yes, God can be a living presence in everyone, and even in the garage-renting business, too.

"Yours in Christ's service,

"Rice R. Massey,

"Chicago 24, Ill."

* * *

Last month the Chicago Herald and American newspaper had a contest in which the newsboys were bringing in new subscriptions to the paper. The prize was a boat trip to Bermuda. The mother of one of the boys in this contest wrote Dr. Bradley and told him how her boy was working so hard on this contest and of what a good boy he had been to her. She is a widow and found it difficult to give her boy any luxuries such as are rather common in the lives of many boys.

Dr. Bradley wrote young Lee Roberts an encouraging letter and late in April received a letter from Bermuda, Hotel Harrington, dated April 25th in

which young Lee said:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Just want to thank you for your letter. We are all very busy trying to get this trip all settled. Will go to your church and tell you all about it when I return.

"Please pray for me and I'll pray for you, too, so we will both get better breaks. It's my first time away from Mommy, but she will be all together till I get home.

"So bye for now,

"Lee Roberts."

Everyone at The Study was very happy to know that Lee won one of these prize trips. It will be something he will cherish all his life.

* * *

The following letter comes from one who styles himself "Just an old newspaper man—a shut-in—on crutches:"

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"I have never missed a single one of the sermons you broadcast from the pulpit of The Peoples Church during the last ten years. Just an old newspaper man, who, because of 'bum runners,' navigates with difficulty on crutches, nevertheless, I want to be regarded as one of the multitude who felt the loss of your Sunday morning message the two weeks you were 'resting up in South America.' So the next time you get ready to put your feet in the road for a 'phony journey,' have a heart, Dr. Bradley, and give a thought to us shut-ins and cripples, to whom the vagabond urge is an unknown quantity, but who hang on your every word.

"Seriously, Dr. Bradley, I want to thank you for the light, comfort and inspiration you bring into our little home each Sunday morning. Maybe some day it will be my privilege to visit The Peoples Church, see you for the first time, and breathe the atmosphere of the house of worship I have so often tried to picture in my mind's eye.

"In one of your recent sermons, Dr. Bradley, you struck a responsive chord in my heart, particularly when you referred to William Jennings Bryan in most complimentary terms. As a reporter, having covered many of Mr. Bryan's meetings in different parts of the country, and having heard many of the alleged great platform speakers of the generation, including Daniel of Virginia, Marse Henry Watterson of Kentucky, Jim Reed of Missouri, and having listened also to scores of pulpit orators, such as the Rev. Dr. Talmadge of New York, and Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, in my book the Great Commoner leads the list of all American speakers.

"After listening to your just praise of Mr. Bryan, I found it a little difficult to reconcile this with the glowing tributes I have heard you pay Teddy Roosevelt, who, according to my best light, lacked all the virtues and talents which elevated Mr. Bryan to the very pinnacle of greatness. Maybe there is a beam, or mote, in my eye, but I don't think so.

"I wish I could have heard your address Sunday night on the Truman-MacArthur controversy, but it was impossible for me to make the grade. In the hope of having an opportunity to read some of it in Monday morning's paper, I tipped off the city editor of the Sun-Times, telling him the session at The Peoples Church was going to be hotter than a pack of firecrackers. My press-agent stunt, however, proved to be a 'water haul.' There was nothing in the paper about your meeting that I saw. Maybe the newsman was there and determined there was not enough ginger in the gathering. You know it takes a little spice to get a little space in our metropolitan journals, with the exception of 'The World's Greatest News-

paper,' which thrives on distortion and suppression.

"Thank you again, Dr. Bradley, from my heart, for the sunshine, the hope, the uplift you bring to me and my wife every Sunday morning in our little old cottage away over on the far South Side. May your days continue to be full, long and happy 'upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'

"J. Harry Moore."

* * *

And now we take from the Mail Bag a letter which we are very grateful to receive from Mr. Paul H. Raabe, the President of the Ushers Club which tells of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Breining moving to Jackson, Minnesota. No one knows better than Dr. Bradley that Minnesota is a wonderful state to move to, but the many friends of the Breinings and the Peoples Church as a whole will miss them. Here is Mr. Raabe's letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Our Church is losing a couple of old friends and a reliable usher. Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Breining are moving out of town this week (the letter was dated April 22nd). They have been members of our Church for many years; in fact, Mr. Breining has been an usher for 18 years.

"They have two daughters now married, who graduated from our Sunday School, one of whom sang in our choir under the direction of Mr. Abernethy.

"The Breinings are now going to move to Jackson, Minnesota, to spend their remaining years with a daughter and son-in-law.

"The many friends they have made through their long association with this church will all miss them; but we hope they will find happiness far from the hustle and bustle of the big city.

"P. H. Raabe, Pres. Ushers Club."

Eighteen years of service as an usher is a wonderful record, for there is no service in the church which requires greater loyalty and faithfulness in attendance than serving on the Ushering Staff of the Church. For all these eighteen years there have been not only the two Sunday services, but the Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, which are in their 18th year also. And there are the extra evenings when some special event is held in the church auditorium. Without fanfare or any special mention the Ushers carry on steadily, and Mr. Breining's service will not be soon forgotten.

We are sure the Breinings will appreciate letters from their friends, addressed to them at Jackson, Minnesota. We hope they continue to be members of The Peoples Church by way of the radio, and that they will keep in touch with us always.

* * *

We think our readers will be interested in these two letters from Boston, an aftermath of The Preston Bradley Mission of Unitarian Christianity held there the week of April 23rd, when Dr. Bradley spoke every evening, Monday through Thursday, and Tuesday and Wednesday noon. The first is from Rev. Paul Harmon Chapman, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, chairman of the Program Committee of the Mission:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"I am sure you cannot know how much you did for Unitarianism in the northeast section of New England in your Boston Mission. Even here, one hundred miles from Boston, we are feeling an upsurge. At a district conference in Springfield last Sunday I reported on the Mission and they were thrilled and hoped we may do it again. I hope very much we arrange some type of meetings when you are at

King's Chapel next Spring.

"I cannot fully express to you my personal pleasure in hearing you and having the opportunity to be associated with you and have a real visit with you during the mission. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience for me. But, far more important than this, you made an enduring contribution and gave a new encouragement to the believers in Unitarian Christianity. You did far more to inspire and to strengthen Unitarianism than the May meetings have done in the past twenty-five years. May I express not only my personal appreciation, but that of every member of the committee.

"Gratefully yours,

"Paul Chapman."

* * *

And the closing letter is from the Rev. Clayton Brooks Hale, Minister of Second Church in Boston:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Please accept my personal appreciation for your perfectly superb and encouraging talk at the Second Church last Thursday evening. It was good of you to share part of your day and so many of your ideas with me over a 'pot of Boston baked beans.'

"At your request, we have added your name to our regular mailing list and I trust that you will add the Second Church to yours as soon as possible.

"With all good wishes I remain,

"Yours,

"Clayton Brooks Hale."

And so, as the printers would say, we "put the Mail Bag to bed" for June.

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Attended Madison Av. Presby. Church, New York City
Dr. Buttrick, Minister

2—Television Broadcast, WGN-TV

3—Cut record WBBM for April 8

4—Attended 29th Annual Convention Izaak Walton League of America

5—Attended I.W.L.A. Convention

6—Attended I.W.L.A. Convention all day. Presented Dr. Bennett, Chief of the U.S. Soil Conservation Commission with Founders' Plaque
Address. I.W.L.A. Connvention
Gave invocation at National Banquet.

7—Attended meeting Board of Directors, I.W.L.A.
Dinner with Dr. Hall, chief of the Forest Products Laboratory, of Madison, Wis.

8—Sermon, "Ox Carts to Atoms," St. John's Unitarian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio

10—Cut record, WJJD, with Sheriff John Babb, for "Let's Talk It Over" program, for April 15

11—Installation service for John Hammond, North Unitarian Church, Indianapolis, Ind. Dr. Eliot, Dr. Lyttle and others present. (John Hammond was formerly a Student Assistant at Peoples Church)

12—Spent day in Linden, Mich. Went to Funeral of Clifford J. Burr, an old friend

13—Visited Mrs. Bradley's grave. Called on old friends

15—Morning service, Peoples Church
Address. Chicago Forum
Evening service. Peoples Church re Gen. Douglas MacArthur

17—Conference with family from Iowa
Address. Church of Good Shepherd, Racine, Wis.

18—Address. U.S. Steel Dinner to employes. Pavillion, Miller Park, Gary, Ind.

19—Conference with Quartet
Heard Gen. Douglas MacArthur's address before Congress
Address. Preston Bradley Day, Uptown Lion's Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel
Attended installation of Martin J. Kennelly, as Mayor

20—Spent day in Narcotics Court on the bench with Judge Gorman.
Dinner with Warden Sain

21—Address. 50th Annniversary Municipal Art League.
Furniture Mart
Address. 20th Annual Dinner Friends of Literature. Presided as Toastmaster

22—Morning Service. Peoples Church
"Gen. MacArthur Speaks"

23—Address. Arlington St. Church, Boston, Mass. "What Is Unitarian Christianity?" (This was the opening address of Dr. Bradley's Preaching Mission in Boston)

24—Address. King's Chapel, Boston
"Christianity and the Modern World"
Address. Arlington St. Church, Boston
"Youth, This is Your Hour"

25—Address. King's Chapel, Boston
"Christianity Then and Now"
Address. Arlington St. Church, Boston
"The Christian Answer to World Catastrophe"

26—Address. University Chapel, Boston University, Boston, Mass.
Reception, Dinner, and Address, Unitarian Christian Fellowship, Second Church, Boston, Mass.

27—Guest at Luncheon, Fletcher School of Diplomacy at Tufts College

29—Morning Service. Peoples Church

30—Address. Marquette Park Pavilion Gary, Ind. U.S. Steel Co.

WEDDINGS

21—Mary Bartholow and Carl Wolf
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28—Dolores Hermine Harris and Noel Dudley Gregg
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17—Henry Mehrle
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19—Dora Markwardt

21—Mrs. Florence Huskey

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